

ARMISTICE DAY IS CELEBRATED

Miss Ida Belle Wilson Speaks
On World Wide
Peace

MASONIC BODY PRESIDES

It will be years and years before the students and the members of the Masonic Body of the Chesapeake Royal Arch Chapter No. 17, Salisbury, will forget the Armistice Program held on Monday, November 12. The true spirit of America and of Woodrow Wilson was displayed by all who participated in this commemoration of what happened ten years ago. The songs that were sung by the Glee Club and by the audience were sung so gladly, the poems that were read by Mary Hall and Mildred Neal were read so sympathetically, and addresses by Victor F. Carmine, M.E.H.P. of the Chesapeake Royal Arch Chapter and Mr. Charles E. Harper, Masonic Inspector for this district No. 17, and by our own beloved Miss Ida Belle Wilson were so stirring, that they can never be forgotten. Mr. Carmine reminded us of the marble memorial flag staff and pedestal with bronze tablet placed by the Chesapeake Royal Arch Chapter on Armistice day 1925 in front of the school, and told us that its purpose was twofold: To commemorate the service members of their chapter gave in fighting for world peace, and to acknowledge their interest in education.

Miss Wilson's speech crowned the day. Readers of the Holly Leaf, was it her similarity in name to Woodrow Wilson that made her strongly advocate World Peace? Or was it, as we strongly suspect, her own self? We feel as if no mere quotations can do justice to her speech, but her thoughts were so beautifully expressed that we have attempted to duplicate them:

"Ten years ago yesterday America was celebrating the advent of the World Armistice with a hysterical joy which was duplicated in almost every civilized nation. We know that history is divided into epochs and when that Peace Pact was signed a new epoch of World history began—an era of World Peace. World Peace has joined us to history with a link that at first seemed so weak that it would not hold.

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AUDITORIUM FIRST USED BY P. T. A.

Have you seen the new State Normal School Auditorium? Its beauty is known throughout the county at least, as the first meeting held there was that of Wicomico County Parent Teacher's Association, Friday, October 19. Some outstanding men of the county and state were speakers for the occasion. Ralph H. Grier, president of the county association, presided.

The School Bond Issue was discussed from the financial standpoint by Mr. Howard Ruark, of Salisbury. The necessity for good roads was presented by Mr. Horace Clark, County Road Engineer and by Mr. John Mackall, chairman of State Roads Commission; Dr. Paul Tittsworth, president of Washington College, Chestertown, talked about the school situation in Maryland.

There was a rather large representation of all the different Parent Teacher's Associations of the county. A number of Normal School students added to the already large crowd.

We were glad to have such a worthy organization be the first to have such a meeting in our auditorium and hope to have them with us again.



STUDENT COUNCIL

STUDENT COUNCIL ORGANIZES FOR YEAR

The tabulation of a ballot recently cast shows that the members of the Student Council for the coming year are: Seniors—Harriet Hearn, Dorothy Donoway, Betty Jackson; Juniors—Ruth Gretsinger, Aline Adkins, and Anna Bonner. The faculty representatives are Miss Ruth Powell, Miss Helen Jamart, and Mr. T. J. Caruthers.

The officers for the ensuing year are president, Harriet Hearn; vice president, Anna Bonner; secretary, Ruth Gretsinger; treasurer, Mr. Caruthers.

The Student Council is the executive organization of the Salisbury Normal School. It is not a disciplinary board, but acts as an advisory group. Its purpose is to furnish a means by which students and faculty may co-operate in the activities of the school. It has been instrumental in establishing a school store, managed by students, under a student co-operative plan. From it books and school supplies may be bought. Other ways in which the organization functions are planning the social program of the school, and assisting the Bagle and the Carnean societies to schedule competitive events.

Miss Hearn states that with the co-operation of all the members of the Student Council she hopes to make this year the best one in the history of the organization.

STATE P. T. A. MEETS AT SALISBURY

The Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers held its thirteenth annual state convention, November 19-22, in Salisbury, the headquarters being the Wicomico Hotel and the Salisbury Normal School. The theme of the convention was "Worthy Home Membership." Many delegates and representatives attended.

We were glad to have the association in our midst for the following meetings.

Tuesday, November 20, 12:30 p. m., President's Luncheon. State Normal School. All presidents or their representatives were guests of the school.

1:30 P. M. Presidents' Conference at State Normal School.

5 P. M. Tree planting, State Normal School.

7:45 P. M. Mass meeting, State Normal School.

Miss Ruth Powell, our Social Director had charge of arrangements of the Presidents' Luncheon.

Miss Alice Krackowizer, with a committee of the faculty and students, arranged an exhibit of Industrial Arts work made by the Normal School students. This was done for the benefit of the visiting P. T. A. members.

The convention proved to be an inspiration and many new standards for P. T. A. work were set up.

SOCCER TEAM PLAYS FIRST GAMES

On Wednesday, October 24, the M. S. N. S. at Salisbury had the privilege of playing its first soccer game since the school was founded.

Wicomico High School started the kick-off. Level headedness on the part of both teams held the score at an even zero, until the latter part of the second half.

Wicomico had just scored after a thick mixup in the penalty area. The M. S. N. S. Soccerites seemed to have lost pep until the goal was scored. "Br-r-r," came the murmur from each player's lips. At the point of scoring, time was called by the captain, and in less than three minutes of play "ZIM!" There goes a goal for Normal School. The score was thus tied 2-2 and everybody was on his toes. The game ended replete with thrills from beginning to end.

The Normal School has only eleven boys, just enough for a team. It isn't such a bad team either. Just think, this is the first game of soccer the school has been able to witness on account of "lackness" of boys.

On November 5, Hebron came to Salisbury to play Normal School. Hebron, whose team is included in the Wicomico County P. A. L. has a very good record. Although most of their players are small, yet they seem to have a relishing amount of wind and good, snappy passwork.

The game started, and at the blow of the first whistle the ball came sailing down the field. Consequently the ball seemed to have gone from one side of the field to the other without scoring a goal.

The first half went by scoreless. Within two minutes of play a goal was scored by John Lord having received a pass from our "Mussolini."

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SCHOOL GRANGERS GO TO WASHINGTON

Many members of S. N. S. Grange had been looking forward to November 16, when a trip of great interest began for them. The National Grange for the first time in years met in Washington, D. C., on the date. The city attracted grange members from all over the United States. We could not imagine our grange being behind times! About ten members of our organization left in two cars on Friday morning. They attended the Grange meeting and had the honor and privilege of receiving the seventh degree, the highest conferred by the Grange, and the one given only at the meeting of the National Grange. Saturday was spent in sightseeing. Even practice teachers were excused for the trip. That proves we are not over estimating it!

SCHOOL OFFICIALS VISIT S. N. S.

Miss Nelson Commends School
On Its Ideal Practice
Centers

LIKE SCHOOL SPIRIT

Salisbury Normal School has been the host to numerous guests during the past few weeks. Among them were some of the state's leaders in education, who made a brief visit while on a trip to Salisbury in the interests of the study plan being tried in the Wicomico High School. Among the number were: Dr. Samuel M. North, Supervisor of high schools of the Western Shore; Superintendents Nicholas Orem, Prince George County; E. W. Pruitt, Somerset County; M. S. H. Unger, Carroll County; J. M. Bennett, Wicomico County; C. G. Cooper, Baltimore County; M. C. Wright, Harford County; W. C. Phillips, Howard County; H. F. Cotterman, Professor of Agriculture at University of Maryland; J. T. Vernay of Dulany-Vernay Company; and William Anthony of Ginn and Company.

Some of these gentlemen were visiting the school for the first time. Many of them stated in their remarks during the dinner party that they were delighted with the spirit of friendliness and co-operation which is prevalent here. One of them stated that he had several S. N. S. graduates in his county, and that he found them always willing to tackle the new and difficult things. So impressed did some of the county superintendents seem with the professional attitude of the students, and the type of training given here that they offered four of the coming graduates positions for next fall. This is the first time in the history of the school that positions have been offered so early in the year. When the visitors left they expressed a desire to come again—and soon.

All of our guests have not been
(Continued on Page 2)

FINAL TOUCHES ADD TO S. N. S.

In all our descriptions of new class rooms, social rooms and auditorium, we seem to have forgotten those who keep the machinery of this school running smoothly, and without whom we would all be ships without rudders—our beloved counsellors, the faculty. They seem to have been neglected in the confusion that always attends moving into new rooms. At last, however, they have come into their own. Now our principal has his own inner sanctum guarded by Mrs. Culver's office. Our social director has a very attractive room, much more livable than the one formerly occupied. Each member of the teaching staff also has his own well equipped office. We shall be very proud of these new headquarters, for it adds greatly to the dignity of the school when our advisors are situated in comfortable and attractive offices.

We think it fitting to add here a word about the pictures that have recently been hung. These pictures, as one can see at a glance, have been carefully selected by those who know. They are tasteful and modest in coloring, yet their quality is proclaimed the minute they are seen. In each room are two or three pictures which seem best suited to the subjects usually discussed in that room. Each picture is a delight to the eye and well worth studying. And the least that can be said of these beautiful new paintings is that they confine one's attention, but that we have not yet acquired fully the "professional attitude."



The Holly Leaf



Published monthly during the school year by the Salisbury Normal School
Printed by the RUC PUBLISHING CO., DENTON, MD.

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NOVEMBER, 1928

ARE YOU "LIBRARY MINDED"?

You stroll into the library, wander around aimlessly, drift into the farthest corner of the room—and lo! there is the coziest nook imaginable! Its shelves are filled with interesting story books, the walls are covered with gay, fanciful pictures of all descriptions, and on the long table there are pamphlets, magazines, and books without number. All these are interesting not only to children, but we would-be teachers find these papers and story-books fascinating and instructive. These books simplify our reading problems for they train and guide the child in such a way that he is interested and delighted with the process.

But what is the meaning of all this display of material? Read one of the pamphlets on the table and you will find November 11 to 17 is Book Week, a week devoted to furthering reading of the best type for children, especially. The value of good books will be impressed upon the public. In a Normal School, of course, children's literature will be emphasized, and samples of all the best juvenile books to be found anywhere will be put out for inspection. This is a fine thing—this encouraging of literature and creating an interest in the best and most up-to-date books, and we feel that Book Week will be a great success.

Are we utilizing to the utmost our material in the library?
Are we doing our share in becoming "library minded"?
Think it over.

A JUNIOR'S DIAGNOSIS

The Junior class have been in S. N. S. for eight weeks now. Needless to say we have begun to discover things about ourselves, Juniors, let us whisper it among ourselves—What has been our greatest discovery? Do I hear the roar of thunder, or is it this response from ninety-eight Juniors? "We've drawn the conclusion that after all we are not the drastically intelligent persons we had come to consider ourselves." Somebody called a college "an institution for discovering deficiencies," and, at the end of these weeks, I dare say I cannot find a Junior who will not reverently say "Amen" to that statement.

Let us be of good cheer, Juniors. After all, "the greatest fool is the man who hasn't sense enough to realize his lack of sense," and the man who pursues the path of least resistance finds that path terminating in an old age of meager subsistence. Every thing that is really worthwhile is bought with a price, and let it be said that the class of '30 was ready and willing to pay the price that the coming generations may have substantial shoulders upon which to stand. In the words of Paul I say, "I therefore beseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."

THE GREATEST TREASURE

The Y. W. C. A. is the greatest treasure of the Salisbury Normal School. On Tuesday and Thursday mornings, one may seek this treasure and find it in a "y" meeting in a pretty little nook or in the Social room. And where

do we find it on Sunday evenings? Come to the assembly room. All will find a message awaiting them every time.

In a long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way,
The Y. W. C. A. will help you,
And guide you a-right.
So join us these mornings
And be with us on Sunday nights.

"TAKE THE AIR"

"Take the Air" is a well known slogan at S. H. S., but it is not to be taken figuratively. When we say "take the air" we mean get out into God's out-of-doors and breathe into our lungs pure, fresh air.

A wise man was once asked which he would choose if he were to be given health or wealth. He promptly replied "Health." A wise man would choose health, but a student often thinks he is too busy to think about it. One thing every student should do, as regularly as he goes to meals, is get out in the air for one hour every day. There is no medicine which does as much for a student as fresh air, for it keeps him well. An old adage says, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Let your pound of cure be in your hour, daily, spent in the open.

Give the common cold, which we hear so much about, the air, and it will not be so prevalent. Remember to get out daily and give yourselves an airing, and there will be less sickness in the dormitory than ever before.
Don't forget to "Take the Air."

TOGETHER! JUNIORS! SENIORS!

Many are the comments one hears about the good school spirit of S. N. S. There must be grounds for a statement like this, "What I admire most in your school is the fine attitude each one has toward his work, play, and responsibilities to his school-mates."

According to an old adage, "The proof of the pudding is the eating thereof." Let us show you just what this school spirit is.

We try to make the work of our instructors, principal, and social director as easy for them as possible, by cooperating with them in our work and play. We help one another whenever possible. We are staunchly loyal to our school and to all for which it stands.

We begin to realize when we enter Normal School that we must crowd into each day something to carry over into the future when we do not have some one to run to with our problems. We have a school building to be proud of. We want to prove to the outside world that our spirit is in keeping with the "fitness" of our surroundings.

Together, Juniors and Seniors, to keep the reputation we are gaining! Ask yourselves the questions, "What can I do to show how I value the friendships and good-will of my school mates? What am I doing to prove to the school that I am a worthy member?"

The correct answer is the keynote to good school spirit.

PEEP SHOWS OF STORY LAND

During Book Week the Senior II group worked out a little newspaper project. The paper, "Peep Shows of Story Land," was to be used for the purpose of motivating further reading of good children's books. The following are extracts which may prove valuable to prospective teachers and to the alumni.

HISPANIOLA REACHES PORT LOADED WITH TREASURE

Mystery Covers the Disappearance of Pirates

Last minute flashes tell us that the Hispaniola has dropped anchor in the port of Bristol. It brings with it Jim Hawkins, his crew, and a load of treasure. John Silver, Old Pew, and a number of desperate pirates, who sailed with the vessel, were not among those who came ashore singing. "Fifteen men on a deadman's chest Yo, Ho, Ho, and a bottle of rum." Many questions have been asked concerning their disappearance but Jim Hawkins and Squire Trelawney inform us that all can be learned by reading an account of their voyage in "Treasure Island," by Robert L. Stevenson.

The croquet game between the King and Queen of Hearts and the White of Hearts and the White Rabbit and Alice of Wonderland was suddenly halted by the appearance of the Cheshire Cat. We shall see in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland why the game suddenly stopped this time.

SKATING PARTY ENJOYED BY ALL

Prize Won by Gretel Brinker

Another interesting event of the holidays was the young people's skating party. The happy winner of the race was Gretel Brinker, who was awarded a handsome pair of silver skates. A detailed account of this party can be found in "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates," by Mary M. Dodge.

FADS AND FANCIES

Stylish young men who are taking part in King Arthur's tournament will remember that a lady's sleeve fastened to one's helm brings good luck as it did to Sir Launcelot last season. The prescribed sleeve is one of crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with pearls.

QUEER QUERIES

Dear Miss Answer Mequick,
My father bought me the most lovely little red jacket, blue trousers, purple shoes and a green umbrella. Then I went to the woods and had to give them to the tigers to keep them from eating me. Please tell me how to act in the future. Enclosed find a self-addressed envelope to

"LITTLE BLACK SAMBO"
You are indeed in a very sad state. After much consideration I think the best thing you could do would be to choke all the tigers. It might be a better idea, however, to go home and let the tigers keep the clothes.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS VISIT S. N. S.

(Continued from Page 1)

male, because Miss Margaret Nelson, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, was with us for several days. As a part of her work towards a Ph. D. degree she is making a study of the training schools connected with institutions for the training of teachers. She visited our practice centers and demonstration school, and examined in some detail the content of the several courses offered in our school. We felt gratified, indeed, to hear Miss Nelson express herself as being particularly delighted not only with the spirit of friendliness, but with the teacher training facilities in this school. She further stated that the school is being administered according to the plan recommended by the leading educators in normal school education.

OUR POET'S CORNER

MY RENDEZVOUS

When I'm tired—and oh so lonely—
And everyone seems untrue,
I slip away by my ownsome
To a beautiful rendezvous.

To where in the glimmer of Autumn
In the air of October's night
There's a pattern of jet black lace
In a mirror of silver light.

To where, in the shadows of evening,
I can rest and be alone
With Autumn breezes for my crown
And pine needles for my throne.

'Neath the stars—the windows of heaven—
And in the radiance of the moon
My drowsy head a-nodding goes
To the charm of the birds' sweet tune.

It's so calm—so silvery beautiful—
With the world left far behind,
I think my truest happiness
In my rendezvous I find.
POLLY WHITE '29

THE BEST THINGS ARE FREE!

Life's drear and life's lonesome,
Sometimes, so it seems,
And yet through the shadows,
A bit of light gleams.

It's Hope, oh my sad one,
That beckons to thee.
Hope's voice whispers softly,
"The best things are free!"

"Come, look up, not downward;
Find all of life's best.
There are riches unheard of,
In earth, beauty dressed.

"The trees gently swaying
Are as rippling waves;
The moon's streaming light
A golden path paves.

"They're free for the lowly,
The rich, and the meek,
Are we not all God's children—
The strong and the weak?"

"Then let us live always
Life's treasures to see;
In all round about us,
The best things are free!"
MAY WILLIS '29

ARMISTICE DAY IS CELEBRATED

(Continued from Page 1)

Today the link is so new it still shines. And if we observe very closely we'll find it is still frayed at the edges and weak in spots.

"At present the Peace Pact is a mere scrap of paper, but if a piece of paper was powerful enough to send nations to war, can't it be strong enough to preserve peace? We, as Americans, are the only ones who can answer this. The opinions which we bring to bear on legislative powers will determine whether or not this new link will shine through the ages.

"Woodrow Wilson died years ago of nothing more or less than a broken heart. A heart broken because his country would not follow his lead for world peace. A friend of mine has placed Wilson's photograph between a framed duplicate of the Kellogg Pact and a picture of the cathedral. She remarked 'though the cathedral in Washington contains his body, the Peace Pact holds his soul.'

"It is our privilege and duty to help our great war President to realize his ideal of peace."

Miss Wilson closed her address by making this poem:
This armistice, just before Thanksgiving
To fill our hearts with plenty and
With prayer,
Before the brown leaves fly, in little
bursts,
Like broken butterflies upon the air.

(Continued on page 4)

THE ARBOR MYSTERY

by
Guess Who?

Bab, with nerves a tingle, and heart threatening to leap through her faded jumper, pointed to a thick, stony bush.

"There," she directed—"they can't see you if—if you'll lay low."
The young man moved quickly. And as he did so, Bab saw in his face an expression unlike any that had ever peered out at her from the criminal eyes of the pictures hung in the post-office with "Reward offered" blazoned across the top of the sheet. Undoubtedly, she determined, he was alarmed at the probabilities which the shot indicated. But even more undoubtedly, she concluded, there was something about his bearing which would prompt only scorn from any confirmed thug.

"I am sure he is—" Her thoughts were cut short. Down the path leading to the arbor, with a gait that omened quick-to-the-point procedure, came three men, all of them apparently students at Sinclair College, three miles from Remington.

A peculiar revelation came to Babs. In spite of the fact that the three were taking the part of officers of the law, and that they were relentlessly seeking the young man who had smiled in spite of the deluge of white paint which had greeted him only half an hour ago, their general appearance bore a striking resemblance to that of the fugitive.

Bab was living on experience for which she had never been trained, in spite of the discipline to which she had been subjected by her parents. She was compelled to act decisively and promptly, with nothing but her own discretion to guide her.

Relying on that, she stated emphatically, "I have not seen any young man come near this place. I have been painting since noon. Perhaps one may have passed, but I did not see him." Her face flushed.

"I hope you understand," returned the spokesman of the trio, "that we are not trying to implicate you in any way. We are only trying to find some clue which will lead us to Bill."

"Bill? Who Bill?"
A half cynical smile crossed the student's face as he answered, "Well Bill, you see, is one of the fellows from over at college—Bill Steelman's his name. Until today, he was considered one of the best all-round chaps in the Senior class. But the bubble burst this morning. That's why we're out for him."

"But what did he do?" queried Babs, with a quick glance at the stubby bush wearing its leafy air of innocence commendably.

"He cheated."
"And just because he did, you want to alarm the neighborhood by firing a pistol at random." The painter of ar-bors felt herself growing unaccountably angry.

"You're mistaken there," objected the young man. "We heard the shot too, but had nothing to do with it. Student government doesn't resort to that sort of tactics."

"That, at least, is a relief," granted Babs. "But as long as you've told me this much, I'd be mighty glad to know what the cheating was in."

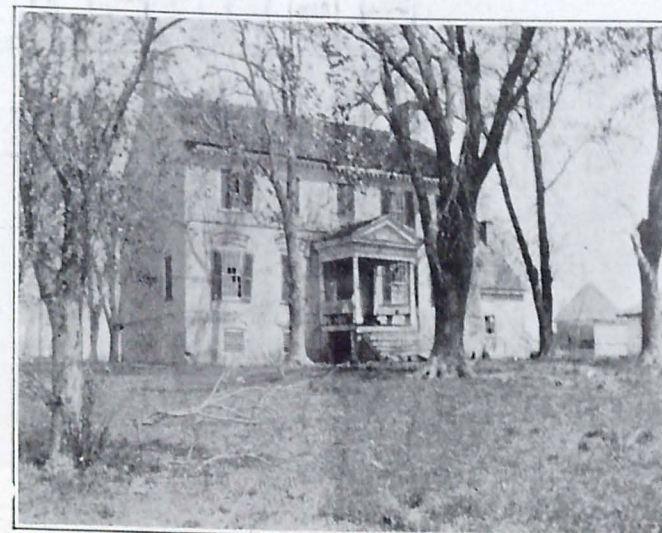
"Political Science," answered the spokesman—"semester final. It's an accepted rule around college that nobody is to confer with anybody else during exams. Bill was seen motioning to John McLen, and John had a note book open. No one saw him reading it. John always seemed like an honorable sort of fellow, but every once in a while has queer actions—seems to forget what he's doing. We don't think he was cheating, even though his notes were there. But it seems pretty definite that Bill was trying to get some help from him."

"And what will you do with Bill when he's found?"

"The council laws say that the punishment for cheating is suspension for three weeks. Bill will be dealt with pretty heavily for trying to skip."

"So you're going to try him and let the other fellow off?"

Our Historic Eastern Shore



Warwick Fort Manor

WARWICK MANOR

Dorchester county exceeds all others on the Eastern Shore of Maryland in land area, and its shore line is very extensive. All through the county may be found colonial houses that have a great deal of history attached to them.

Picturesquely situated at the junction of the Warwick and the Choptank rivers is "Warwick Fort Manor House." This fine colonial brick structure was built by Colonel Henry Hooper about the year of 1740. The history of "Warwick Manor" is almost as old as the history of Dorchester county itself, it being one of the first manors granted in the county. It is the ancestral home of the Hooper family of Maryland, and is particularly interesting not only because of its antiquity, but also as having been the home of men who rendered valuable service to the state. At one time this was the property of the province of Maryland. It was from this that the town which later sprang up was given the name Secretary.

In 1720 the estate was purchased from Nicholas Sewall, son of Henry by Colonel Henry Hooper, whose ancestors had come in the last half century from southern Maryland. He renamed it "Warwick Fort Manor," and built the present house. Colonel Hooper was one of the leading men of his time in Maryland. His son, also named Henry Hooper, who inherited the property, became even more prominent in public affairs. He took an active part in the struggle for independence in 1776 and was made brigadier general of the militia of the lower half of the Eastern Shore.

At the time "Warwick Fort Manor" house was built the Choptank Indians were roaming the forests that surrounded it. Colonel Hooper evidently recognized the necessity for providing adequate defense against possible attacks of the hostile neighbors. The walls are two feet thick; the massive doors, made of diagonal timber, have hinges four feet in length, and stout iron bars inside. There is a huge trap door on the roof which was used as a means of escape. No expense was spared in making the interior attractive. The rooms were furnished in rosewood and mahogany, while the panel walls, handsome mantels and deep window seats are fine specimens of colonial architecture. The most striking feature of the house is the hall with its beautiful winding stairway finished with mahogany rail and balusters. Like most of these old places, "Warwick Fort Manor House" has a haunted chamber and traditions of buried treasure.

On this same estate was the "Carthaginian Manor," which was built about 1650. Nicholas Sewall sold the house to Edwin Hooper, then owner of Hooper's island, and one of those who aided Colonel George Talbot in his escape from Virginia authorities.

"Carthaginia" is not prepossessing externally; the interior reputed to have been the finest colonial example of stairway and mahogany paneling in America, was purchased a few years ago by a descendant of Edwin Hooper, and is now in a replica of Carthaginia, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

But little remains of its colonial grandeur. In the basement beneath the fireplace is what is known as the dungeon. The dungeon is a brick closet with a solid arched top. A narrow short door of heavy planking was the only opening. The door is gone, but the frame shows that it was built for strength.

Passing at the time of the death of General Hooper, in 1790, into the hands of his son, Henry, the estate was divided by him and sold into lots. The lot on which "Carthaginian Manor" stands was bought by "Cook and Conkle" of New York City. Several prominent men of Cambridge, Md., bought "Warwick Manor House." Because these people did not believe in all work and no play, they sold Mr. John Ryan, of Chicago, Ill., a large tract of land on which he built a hotel, a race track, and a base ball diamond.

In the woods surrounding the hotel were found many traces of Indian life. In recent years pieces of tomahawks have been found. Part of the Indian grave yard is still there.

Mr. Ryan was a man of extraordinary stature, being about 6 feet 5 in. in height and built in proportion. He was called the "dwarf" by everyone who knew him. The bed on which he slept was made to order, and for a number of years it was quite a curiosity for others. After his death the property was sold to another family, and has not since been a hotel but a private residence. The race track and ball diamond are now under cultivation.

The first county abns house was built on this estate. The site selected was called "Sunnyside." It was a beautiful situation being on a hill overlooking Warwick river and nearly opposite, "Warwick Fort Manor House." The abns house was later moved to another section of the county, and the property was later sold to a private family. The name "Sunnyside" is still retained although the home itself has been remodeled.

In the course of time the estate once owned by Colonel Henry Hooper, all passed entirely out of the hands of the family and has since had a number of owners.

"I suppose so. We think John is innocent." "Well, I'm sorry I can't help you." Babs said with an air of finality. "But somehow I can't help thinking that you're pretty hard on Bill."

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH SEEN BY ASSEMBLY

The Greatest Show on Earth was one of the most recent productions in assembly. It was presented by section three of the Junior class and was based upon the recent political campaign.

The "show" began with a grand parade of all the participants, led by an orchestra made up of instruments for the toy band. The four candidates then took their seats; the representatives of the great American public were introduced; the symbols of each party, the donkey and the elephant were also introduced. The two nominees for the Presidency of the United States were then presented, each by his campaign manager, and both Mr. Hoover (Russell Burton) and Mr. Smith (William Matthews) gave excellent speeches on the aims and principles of their parties. After these addresses the orchestra played appropriate selections. Senator Charles Curtis (Grace Rood) and Senator J. T. Robinson (Helen Robinson), nominees for the vice presidency, were introduced, and each gave a short speech. The symbols of the parties entered and placed themselves beside their respective candidate.

The representatives of the great American public, the greatest factions in the election, then chose the party for which they were going to vote, and each gave his reasons. The farmer, the solid south, and the college flapper chose the Democratic party. The business man, the laborer with his full dinner pail, the college hero, and the lady all chose Hoover. After much wavering from one side to the other the negro—Mr. Undecided Voter—finally decided that he did not know for whom he would vote.

The orchestra then started to play "The Star Spangled Banner" and both parties marched from the stage amid shouting and applause from the appreciative audience.

FIELD BALL ACTIVITIES

The Athletic Association held its first monthly meeting October 3, 1928 with an increased membership over last year. Plans were made for the coming year. Committees were appointed to entertain the visiting teams. Miss Helen Jamart, director of Athletics, offered to give a course in refereeing to any members of the association interested in it.

The girls' field ball team has already played several games with neighboring towns. Our first game was played with Berlin High School. The resulting score was Berlin High 4, S. N. S. 2. Helen Robinson threw the S. N. S. goal.

The second game was played with Hebron High. S. N. S. defeated them 14 to 0.

S. N. S. also played with the Marion team, the score resulting in 6-16.

S. N. S. line up is:
McAllister, M. G.
Cherrix, N. R. L.
Dennis, M. L. L.
Robinson, H. R. L.
Horsey, M. C. H.
Gretzinger, R. L. H.
De Wilde, J. R. L.
Godfrey, E. R. L.
Bonner, A. C.
Scott, R. L. L.
Matthews, F. L. L.
Substitutes—Holloway, B., Taylor, M. and Neal, M.

"I won't forget," returned Bab, quietly watching them hurry up the path. A curve, another turn, and they were out of sight. She hurried over to the bush. Bill Steelman pulled himself up slowly.

"I can't quite thank you enough," he remarked, "especially when explanations can't be given."

(To be Continued)

Will you be the one to write the next chapter?

SCROOGE LIVES FOREVER

(Continued from Page 3)

was saved from hitting his head against the street only by the quickness of Martin's actions, who had managed to catch him.

"Narrow escape, mister," said Martin, cheerfully, "but I judge you're no worse for the fall."

"Only because of your kindness; I am greatly indebted to you, sir. Why are you staring at me so? Jennie, hand me my cane, please."

"Jennie!" quavered Martin. "Tom! don't you know me?"

The old man peered into the other's face. "By all that's holy! Gary Martin."

"Tell me! Tell me! Where did you find her?" panted Gary Martin, pointing at the little girl, who was gazing at them both in utter amazement.

"In the Orphans' Home. She was put there after you left her," explained the girl's uncle.

"Jennie girl, this is your father." But the child only continued to stare in dull wonder.

"I have been the most miserable sinner possible; keep her, Tom, and teach her at least to have a generous spirit." Martin started off down the street.

"Martin, come back," called Tom Wheelton, "I can't find it in my heart to have a grievance against anybody on Christmas Eve, so come home with us and let us all have a merry Christmas."

Many were the remonstrances of Martin, but in the end the child and her uncle managed to get him to the car. When they came in sight of the cottage whose windows were gay with holly wreathes, and blazing with light, Jennie cried, "Won't Aunt Milly be delighted when she sees my very own daddy?" She laughed gleefully. After Milly Wheelton's first great surprise and amazement at beholding her brother she welcomed him into the bright house with joy. After the happy family were seated around the fire, the

thought crossed Martin's mind, "When thou givest thy gift is returned to thee in full measure," and he whispered a silent prayer.

"Listen!" Jennie broke off from her merry scream of chatter, and ran to the window and raised it.

As Martin listened an utter peace flooded his soul for from without came the voices from the village church, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

DORIS COOPER '30

P. T. A. PLANTS

TREES ON CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 1)

Joyce Kilmer, which was followed by the singing of the P. T. A. song.

Dr. Holloway accepted the tree in behalf of M. S. N. S. and said, "We accept this tree thankfully and reverently. You will notice that we have planted the oak to complete an equilateral triangle, the other two corners of which were formed by an oak presented in 1926 by members of a study group conducted here, and another oak which Miss Mabel Carney, for whom one of our literary societies is named, presented to our school. To me the triangle is symbolic of completeness, and here we have represented the church, the school, and the home."

Dr. Holloway also called the attention of the company gathered there to the fact that the tree was planted by the historic spade which dug the first spadeful of soil when the normal school was begun. Senator C. R. Disharoon, the chairman of the senatorial committee that prepared, introduced, and had passed the bill for this school, was the first one who used it. In later years this spade, which was originally chosen from common stock, will tell the story of S. N. S. in an interesting volume. Dr. Holloway then dedicated the oak tree just presented to perpetual service in the interests of children.

The P. T. A. tree planting was one of many lovely and inspirational programs held here at the State P. T. A. Among the others was a talk by Mr. Benson on "Profitable Use of Leisure Time." This talk by Mr. Benson was enjoyed quite as much as were the other interesting meetings held here and in Salisbury.

SPEAKS ON GOOD
READING IN THE HOME

(Continued from Page 5)

the John Newberry medal in 1925) a collection of humorous Chinese folk stories.

Miss Matthews also went into detail on the subject of poetry, stories for boys, and stories for girls. She was assisted in this by the Normal School girls, Miss Mary Hall, Miss Beulah Dixon, and Miss Ruth Anderson, who in each case told stories to illustrate a point made by the speaker. Miss Matthews' address was greatly appreciated by all who heard her.

The night of the day Miss Matthews spoke in Federalburg she also gave an address in a meeting of the East New Market Parent Teacher Association. Here, too, she was assisted by the Senior girls.

TAYLOR'S ISLAND

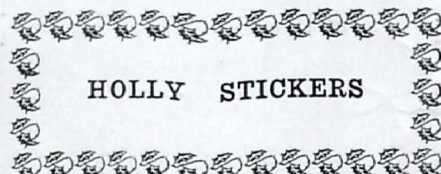
(Continued from Page 5)

and its automobiles, auto trucks, and aeroplanes, we find that this place, as well as others, has made great progress in the last few years, but despite its present "up-to-dateness" Taylor's Island on the Chesapeake still has memories of its quiet, sleepy past.

Seen in a test paper—A scullion is a hedgehog.

"In the Beginning—"

A completion test reader—God made the animal and Satan let him pass for man.



HOLLY STICKERS

"Great Minds Run"

Miss Wilson—What is a problem lesson?

Dot Buffett— * * * That's what Bagley and Keith says.

Miss Wilson—Yes, but what do you say?

Dot Buffett—I? Oh, I agree with Bagley and Keith.

Peer Jumbo

Senior I—The minerals found in South Africa are iron ore, coal and ivory.

Such Literature

Iris in a practice school—Since we are talking about this continent I'm going to tell you a story about it today. That is—I mean it's a true story.

S. N. S. Furniture Factory

What do you do to a nail after it has been driven in the varnish work of furniture?

One of the Juniors—Remove the nail and varnish over the hole.

Scene from a Zoo

Turner, to a fifth grade in her practice school—What does anecdote mean? James—It's an animal something like a billy goat.

Lost and Found Bureau

Announcer from WSMD—You will now hear a vocal solo by Miss May Willis, accompanied by Miss Gladys E. Feidler—The Lost Chord.

Combustible?

A fluently speaking Senior in Oral Expression class—Whenever we are asked we should be ready to give an expontaneous speech.

The Holly Leaflet



CHRISTMAS EVE

Once there was a little boy named Jack. It was Christmas Eve and he had to go to bed early.

At eight o'clock he went to bed. Before his mother went downstairs he said, "Mother, stay up until Santa Claus comes so you can tell him I want a bicycle and some games. If he has something else that you think I'd like, tell him to leave that too, please. Oh, mother, do not forget to tell him to trim the Christmas tree, too."

Jack went to sleep and had happy dreams about Christmas.

WILLIAM T. SMITH JR.

Grade 3

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus comes with a bag full of toys.

Some for little girls and others for boys.

He comes in an airship but nobody knows

Exactly when he comes or where he goes. PHYLLIS WILLIAMS

Grade 3

MY CHRISTMAS ON A BOAT

Children should be happy at Christmas time. A few years ago I enjoyed Christmas Eve on a boat called "City of Hongkong."

All of the children were playing when the captain told us to come out and look at the Rock of Gibraltar. Then he told us we might have a Christmas party.

After dinner we heard a noise on the deck. After the noise some of the children began to cry. Then we heard a rapping on the window. The captain opened it and Santa Claus climbed in. He said "Merry Christmas."

All of the children said, "Merry Christmas."

We were given many toys. Then Santa Claus started away. The children called "Stop!" All of us hugged him.

The next morning we were out on the ocean. Our ship was rocking but I was very happy because I had many gifts. FLORENCE BYRD ALLEN

Grade 2

OUR SANDTABLE

We have learned many things about Indians and Pilgrims. We put Indians on the sandtable. Some of them were made of clothespins and others were made of corncobs. A few were made of clay. Real dolls were dressed like Indians. One little papoose was hanging in the breeze. Under the tree, an Indian chief sat smoking his pipe.

In the middle of the sandtable was a little river. In it were bark canoes.

On the other side of the river were two Pilgrims looking at the Indians. They were made of clothespins.

Our Indians and Pilgrims ... not fight. SHIRLEY POWELL

Grade 3

OUR BOOK

The primary class made a book. It was about Indians and Pilgrims. We invited fourth grade to see it.

In the book we drew scenes. Then we wrote different paragraphs that described them. The child that copied the paragraph best, read it. The one that drew the best scene showed it to our visitors.

We hope they enjoyed it. PHYLLIS WILLIAMS

Grade 3

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Bobby. His family was very poor. He wanted a good Christmas dinner.

His sister Betty told him to hunt for a wild turkey. Bobby took his little gun and went into the forest. After a while he found a path. In it he saw a turkey feather. He thought a turkey must be near by. He looked through the bushes. He saw a turkey

and shot his gun—Bang! His aim was true.

The family enjoyed their Christmas dinner. ROBERTA MORRIS

Grade 3

OUR HIKE

One Friday afternoon Miss Jamart invited everyone in the upper grades to go on a hike with her Saturday morning at eleven o'clock.

The next morning we all started promptly. Miss Jamart told us to be looking for sticks on which to cook weiners. After a while we saw a bull. Miss Jamart said he would chase me because I had on a red dress.

In a short time we arrived at Fook's Mill. We turned into a little road and went into the woods. Then we played games.

At twelve o'clock we built a fire and roasted "weiners" on sticks. After that we had some sugar buns. Some of the boys went to a farm house to get some water. When they came back we had a peanut scramble and a game of sprint ball.

We returned at 3:30. We told Miss Jamart we had a nice time, then we went home. PAULINE LONG

Grade 5

CHRISTMAS

Through the cold wintry snow
The cold winds blow.

'Tis Christmas tide!

Through the snow Santa will ride!

'Tis twelve o'clock!

I hear a knock!

'Tis Santa!

'Tis Santa!

When the clock strikes eight

We run at a rate

To see what Santa brought us.

I see a train!

A horse and rein!

What a happy Christmas!

HENRY WHITE

Grade 6

EVENING

When the evening lamp is lit,
Beside the blazing fire I sit.
And my mother reads to me
The nicest stories there could be.

She reads about the bob-o-link,
And roses red and white and pink.
I love my mother sweet and kind.
With happiness she fills my mind.

EVELYN EKSTROM

Grade 6

LOCAL NEWS

The Fifth Grade made a sandtable scene of the Pilgrim colony and of the Virginia colony.

Our parents bought us many new books for our library.

Mrs. Allen has given us two talks on India. She did this in connection with Fifth Grade Geography.

Brandon McLaughlin brought us a bowl of fish for our room. There are two fish and some grass in the bowl. This makes our room more attractive.

We gave a play at the P. T. A. meeting. It was called "The Mad Tea Party."

ELEANOR LONG

Grade 6

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there were two little girls. Their names were Mary and Betty. They were trying to be good before Christmas. It was nearly Christmas day. Mary said, "Mother, when are we going to buy our presents?"

"We are going to buy them today." After several days had passed, they hung two stockings by the chimney and went to bed. The next morning they got up and went downstairs. What do you think they saw? They saw two big dolls, two baby carriages, and some games. After that they had a happy Christmas. RICHARD GRIER

Grade 4